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THE MAIZE.

BY FOSDICK.

Afar in the forest the rude cabins rise,
And send up their pillars of smoke,
And the tops of their columns are lost in the skies,
O'er the heads of the cloud-kissing oak;
Near the skirt of the grove, where the sturdy arm swings
The ax till the old giant sways,
And echo repeats every blow as it rings,
Shoots the green and the glorious maize.

There buds of the buckeye in spring are the first,
And the willow's gold hair then appears,
And snowy the cups of the dogwood that burst
By the red bud, with pink-tinted tears;
And striped the bells which the poppy holds up,
For the dew and the sun's yellow rays,
And the brown is the pawpaw's shade-blossoming cup,
In the woods, near the sun-loving maize.

When through the dark soil the bright steel of the plow
Turns the mould from its unbroken bed,
The plowman is cheered by the finch on the bough,
And the blackbird doth follow his tread.
And idle, afar on the landscape descried,
The deep-lowing kine slowly graze,
And nibbling the grass on the sunny hillside,
Are the sheep, hedged away from the maize.

With springtime and culture, in martial arry,
It waves its green broadswords on high:
And fights with the gale in a fluttering fray,
And the sunbeams which fall from the sky.
It strikes its green blades at the zephyrs at noon,
And at night at the swift flying fays,
Who ride through the darkness the beams of the moon,
Through the spears and the flags of the maize.

When the summer is fierce still its banners are green,
Each warrior's long beard groweth red;
His emerald-bright sword is sharp-pointed and keen,
And golden his tasseled-plumed head.
As a hoist of armed knights set a monarch at naught,
They defy the day-god to his gaze,
And, revived every morn from the battle that's fought,
Fresh stand the green ranks of the maize.

—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE SACRIFICE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRY GREVILLE.]

Maurice was wandering aimlessly in the depths of the forest. It had ceased raining, but the drops of water were still rolling from leaf to leaf with the light sound of a nearly-exhausted fountain trickling into its half-filled basin, and in the distance the dark path opened out into a wet glade of a deep green of exquisite softness. The trunks of the trees were very black, their branches blacker still, and the massive boughs of the chestnut trees above the young painter's head seemed like the high arches of a cathedral at the hour when all is dark in the church, and when the colored windows cast into the gloom gleams of light so intense and so mysterious that you would think them lit up by a fire of live coals from without.

Maurice loved this hour at the decline of day, when, after the rain, the sun has not shone out, and when a gray tint is cast over everything, blending outlines, softening angles and investing every shape with a smooth and exquisite roundness. He walked slowly, discovering every moment in the well known forest some beauty till then unknown and he was thrilled to the very depths of being by that tender admiration for nature which is one of the characteristics of genius.

Having roached the glade he looked around him. The grass was green and brilliant; the delicate leaves of the shrubs, shining beneath the water which had washed them, formed a fine, lace-like network against the dark back ground of the great forest beyond. He stopped in order to see better, to observe better and to take in better the impression of the wet forest, more impressive and more human so to speak, in its great shadows than beneath the sunshine in all the splendor of the day.

The pretty and graceful figure of a young girl stood out against the foliage of the birch-trees. She advanced with a supple movement, without perceiving Maurice, who, as immovable as the trunk of a chestnut tree, was watching her. When two steps from him the young girl perceived him. She started and let fall a few twigs from the fagot of wood that she was carrying on her head.

"You frightened me," she said, smiling, and her large black eyes shone out merrily beneath the tangle of her blonde hair.

He looked at her without answering. A complete harmony which no words can render, reigned between the slender figure, the laughing face, the lace-like foliage of the glade and the tints of the landscape.

"Stand still," said the young; "I am going to take your portrait."

She wished to push back her hair, which had fallen over her face, but he prevented her by a gesture.

"Remain as you are."

He seated himself on a stone and sketched rapidly the outline and features of his young model. She was a peasant, but delicate and refined as the young girls of the peasantry often are before their complete their often tardy development. The eyes were already those of a woman, while the smile was still that of a child.

"How old are you?" asked the painter still working.

"I shall soon be sixteen."

"Already! I saw you three years ago a little bit of a thing."

"I was very little," said she, with a pretty laugh, and frank and bold as a sparrow; "but I grew fast, and on St. John's day I shall have lovers."

"Why, on St. John's day?" asked the young man, stopping to look at her.

"Because one must have a lover to dance with around the bonfire."

So soon! That pure brow, those innocent eyes, that childish mouth, all these were to be profaned by the boorish gallantry of a rustic! Maurice felt a vague jealousy dawn in his heart.

"Will you have me for a lover?" said he, resuming his work.

"Oh, you! you are a gentleman and I—I am a peasant; good girls do not listen to gentlemen."

That is the village code of morals; the young man answered nothing.

"I cannot see any longer; will you come back here to-morrow, a little earlier?"

"For my portrait?"

"Yes."

"I will come back. Good evening, sir."

She raised her bundle of wood and went away into the deepening shadows, beneath the archway of the dark chestnut tree.

Maurice went home dreaming of the fair haired child. He had seen her often, and had always looked at her, but with the eyes of an artist. Now it seemed to him that he looked at her with the eyes of a jealous lover. That night and the next day seemed interminable to him; and long before the appointed hour he was in the glade.

He worked alone, and when the young girl arrived, a little late—already playing the coquette—she was quite surprised.

"Is it really myself!" she said. "Will you give it to me?"

"No, I will make you a little one for yourself."

"And that one, what will you do with it?"

"It will go to Paris; it will be put in a large frame; it will be hung in a beautiful gallery, and every one will come and look at it."

"Ah! yes, I know; in the exhibition."

"Have you heard of the exhibition?"

"There are gentlemen painters here who work for the exhibition, as they say, but they never took my portrait."

Daylight was fading gently; Maurice found as on the preceding evening, the exquisite soft tints which had so charmed him, and his work advanced a hundred cubits toward posterity.

He saw her again several times beneath the checkered daylight of his improvised studio, and he took pleasure in making this work his best one. Already celebrated, he had no need to make himself a name, and yet he was sure that this picture would put the seal to his renown.

By the time he was quite satisfied with it winter had come, and Maurice loved his little model. He loved her too much to tell her so, too much to sully this field flower whom he could not make his wife, but enough to suffer at the thought of leaving her. She had none of those qualities which secure the happiness of a life; neither the depth of feeling nor the devotion which causes us to forget everything; she was a pretty field flower, a little vain, a little coquettish, with no great faults nor yet great virtues. Maurice knew that she was not for him, and yet scarcely developed, and which her home-spun gown chastely enfolded without disguising. He loved the deep eyes, the laughing mouth, the fair hair that was always in disorder, the little handkerchief tied across her breast—he loved it all, and it was with reluctance that he went away. We always go away with reluctance when we have nothing to hope for on our return. It is so hard to leave behind a bit of one's life of which nothing is to remain.

He carried away his picture, however, and it was before it that he passed his happiest hours that winter, always perfecting a work that was already perfect. The picture was admired. The critics, who were unanimous in their enthusiasm, declared that such faces could not exist, excepting in the brain of a poet or the imagination of a painter. Maurice listened, smiling, and kept for himself the secret of the sweet face that had inspired him. He received brilliant offers for his picture; never had so high a price been offered for any of his works; but he refused, and he refused also to allow it to be copied. Since he was never to possess anything of his model but her likeness, he intended that that should be his alone.

Autumn was drawing near when he returned to the village. Twice had the fires of St. John seen the whirls of the merry dance since he had painted the portrait, and when he thought of the young girl, it was with a smile that was something sad, as he asked himself on which of the village rustics she fixed her choice.

His first pilgrimage on arriving was to the forest of chestnut trees; at the fall of day—night comes quickly at the beginning of October—he wandered down the long path; but it was no longer dark; it was traversed by an amber sunbeam, which seemed to have fastened itself on everyone of the leaves which quivered on the branches or crackled beneath his feet.

The odor of the dead leaves brought to him a whole world of regrets, of remembrances of bitterness, stirring up within him an unspeakable sadness, and a more complete disgust with everything that he had sought up to that time. When he had reached the glade he sat down on the spot where eighteen months before he had made the sketch which had since crowned his renown. The cold stone seemed to laugh at him ironically for all that he had suffered.

A peasant girl—a coquette—a matter of great consequence surely.

"She would have loved me had I chosen. Many others have loved painters, and have followed them to Paris, and then have disappeared in the scum of the great city without loading with chains the one who had initiated them into the mysteries of art and intellectual life. * * * He is a fool who sacrifices to chimeras the real goods of this world; the love of a beautiful girl, the glory which talent gives, the fortune which success brings."

While he was thus denying the gods of his youth, he saw coming towards him, in the well-known path, the young girl of other days, who had grown up, who had become a woman in one word. She was not alone; a rustic was walking beside her, holding her by the little finger; a fine fellow, for that matter, strong and well made, and richly dressed for a peasant. He bent towards her, and from time to time wiped away with his lips a tear from the young girl's cheek.

On seeing Maurice they stopped, confused and surprised.

"And it was for this," thought he, "that I respected this flower!"

And he was thinking with contemptuous pity of his folly when the young girl addressed him:

"They will not let us marry, sir," said she, her voice broken with sobs, "I am poor; he has some property, and his mother will not have me for a daughter-in-law. She talks of disinheriting him."

"And you, too, do not wish him to be disinherited, do you?" said Maurice ironically.

"Indeed," answered the lad, "we must live!"

"That is only too true! I pity you, my children."

They went away, Maurice, left alone, with his head bowed down on his hands, thought for a long time.

His idle fancy had flown away—nothing remained of the slender young girl but a peasant, who was still handsome, but very near becoming an ordinary matron.

"So it is with our dreams!" said he, rising. "The only sure thing that we can gather from them is to do a little good with them."

The same evening he wrote to Paris, and a few days later he presented himself at the young girl's house.

"I have sold your portrait," he said to her, in the presence of her astonished mother; "I received a large sum for it. It is quite a fortune. I have brought it to you in order that you may marry your lover."

An Arkansas Cyclone.

This is the way in which one was described by a man who was in it:

"I was about 200 yards from my house when I saw it coming. It was in the prairie when I saw it, and looked like black smoke from a large furnace. Its shape was like a funnel, inside it was red as fire, and around this was the black foggy mist. In looking at it I saw large and small timber carried along with it. My attention was attracted by the roaring, and, as it was coming in the direction of my house, I ran to it for the purpose of protecting my family. I put my three little children in a side-room among some corn, and, with Sylvester Bull, was holding the door, and all at once the whole building was crushed to the very ground by large trees being blown against it. It blew me about sixty feet, and when I became conscious I found myself among a lot of timber and logs, and Sylvester was lying by my side dead; his head and whole body were crushed. As I was on my way to the house I looked again at the cyclone when it was about 100 yards away, and saw it lift and carry away a lot of hogs and a cow. The children when found were not more than thirty feet from where I had placed them, but none hurt. My wife was considerably bruised, being blown about sixty yards, among a lot of lumber.

"My sister-in-law was carried about fifty feet and thrown to the ground, her arms and shoulders badly bruised.

"My blacksmith-shop was also blown flat to the ground, my bellows entirely destroyed, all my planes, augers, saws, and chisels were carried off and have not yet been found, with the exception of one saw found one mile from the shop and broken in two pieces. My wagon was torn up badly, the front wheels being about sixty yards from where the wagon stood, lodged against a stump; the hind wheels were both smashed up; the wagon bed has not yet been found excepting a few splinters. All my bedding and wearing apparel was carried off and entirely destroyed. I lost all my provisions.

"Immediately in the rear of the wind came a flood of water, just like a waterspout, appearing to pour as if from a funnel."

The Late Editor of the London Times.

John T. Delane, was for thirty-six years the chief editor of the London *Times*, which he found a great newspaper, and made the greatest journal in England. Up to his day, the *Times* had been great in its news. Some of its "beats" during the Napoleonic contests have never been surpassed, and its fearless publication of facts touching high personages led to one or two of the greatest libel suits in the history of English journalism. Mr. Delane, the nephew of the previous financial manager of the paper, became in 1841 its chief editor at 24 years of age, and he made the paper great in two new particulars, with extraordinary success for twenty years and more; it reflected the sentiment of the English ruling class, and it was served by a body of men altogether superior in ability and character to any previously employed on English papers. Delane showed signal ability in choosing his agents, and an almost cynical contempt in the management of the paper for consistency. The paper first went hopelessly wrong under him in its treatment of the United States from 1861 on, and he had a rough tumble in a newspaper war with Richard Cobden only a few years later which sadly damaged Delane in popular estimation. The anonymous secrecy of English journalism always left in the dark Delane's real work in making the *Times* what it was, but he has generally had the credit of being the great master mind of the enterprise.

The Longevity of Icebergs.

Karl Weyprecht, in his work on the Polar sea, discusses the longevity of icebergs. Icebergs are subjected to disintegration after somewhat the same manner as rocks. They are full of crevasses, into which the water formed by melting penetrates. In winter this water freezes, and by its expansion all through the glacier a rupture of the mass ensues. "It is highly probable," he says, "that most of the icebergs afloat in winter are in such a condition that a very slight cause is sufficient to make them burst because of their state of internal tension. Every polar traveler can tell how a shot, the driving in of an ice anchor, or any other sudden vibration has brought about the catastrophe; cases have even occurred in which the sound of the voice alone was sufficient. An iceberg is always an unpleasant neighbor." So many are the causes which tend to destroy icebergs that the author concludes that "no berg exists which could withstand them more than ten years, and that commonly the life of a berg is much shorter." However this may be, doubtless the much larger Antarctic bergs last very much longer, as must necessarily occur, because of the greater uniformity of the climate to which they are exposed.

LADIES who have difficulty in making their hair remain crimped may find the following of use: Let five cents' worth of gum arabic be dissolved in a very little hot water and left to stand over night in enough alcohol to make it thin; then bottle. The hair should be wet with the mixture before being crimped.

SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

Were They Destroyed by a Meteoric Shower?—Professor Proctor's Theory.

Mr. Proctor writes from Ilion: "The idea that Sodom and Gomorrah may have been destroyed by meteoric downfall is not altogether a new one. I advanced it, but not very seriously, several years ago in the *English Mechanic*, and it was taken up quite seriously by an ingenious, though rather fiery, correspondent of the journal, Mr. E. L. Garbett, the well-known architect. He took up the theory precisely in the form in which I had, half jestingly, suggested it—that the meteor system which produced the destruction of the cities of the plain was the so-called November system, which at that remote date would have been a September system. It can be shown that Tempel's comet, in whose track the November meteors travel, must have passed very near indeed to the earth, at about the time which tradition assigns to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. Moreover, there can be little doubt that the comet's meteor-train was then far more compact than it is at present. Again, it is certain that among the meteors of the November system are many which far exceed in size those seen during the display of Nov. 13-14, 1866; for, during the display of Nov., 13-14, 1833, some of the falling stars were bright enough to cause distinct shadows to be thrown. Supposing the meteors forming the comet itself, or very near to the comet, to be larger yet, they would probably be able to break their way through the air as the larger meteorites do, and if strewn with proportionate density, so as to fall in the form of a compact stream, they would descend as a very destructive shower upon whatever part of the earth's surface happened to be most fully exposed to them. Now it happens, strangely enough, that at the time mentioned in the verse you quote—'The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar; then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven'—the destroyed cities lay almost centrally on that disk of the earth which was turned toward the 'radiant' of the November meteors. If ever a special and not very large district of the earth could be so rained upon by meteors that towns in it could be destroyed, the catastrophe would unquestionably be attended by just such circumstances as these—that is, the region would be as fully as possible exposed to the hail of meteors, and this hail would be as heavy as possible, which would require that either the comet itself or a part of its meteor-train very close to the comet should be the source of the meteoric hail. In the case supposed, the velocity you have mentioned would be far exceeded; for not only does the earth herself speed along around the sun at the rate of 1,100 miles per minute, or more than eighteen miles per second, but the November meteors travel with a greater velocity—about twenty-four miles per second—meeting her almost full tilt, so that we have for the velocity with which the meteors rush through the air something like forty miles per second. Add to this that when the meteors of November 13-14, 1866, were examined with the spectroscope, the element which was found to be most largely present was sodium, the chief component of our common salt, whence may be derived a 'naturalized' explanation of the fate of Lot's wife. Those who take an interest in this theory of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah might possibly manage to find some evidence of heavy meteoric downfall in that part of the earth. The search would be as likely to be rewarded with success as that which my esteemed friend, the Abbe Moigno, has suggested should be made for the chariots, etc., of the destroyed army of Pharoah."

Corns.

Corns consist of layers of thickened epidermis—the transparent coating that protects the sentitive true skin beneath. This epidermis is in constant process of formation from the true skin, and is as constantly being thrown off in minute particles.

It as destitute of feeling as the nails, indeed the nails—as also the scales on the legs of fowls and on the bodies of fishes—are only modified epidermis.

Corns are among the "excresences" of civilization. A higher civilization, however, which shall conform the shoe to the foot, instead of the foot to the shoe, will know of them only as we know of the crushed feet of Chinese women.

A thickening of the epidermis having been caused at the points of special pressure, this inflames still further the skin beneath, giving rise to successive layers of thickened epidermis, which cannot be thrown off like ordinary scarf-skin.

Between the vital force beneath, and the pressure of the shoe above, the central portion comes to have the hardness of nail. If a splinter is left in the finger, the flesh above and around it will die, and new skin be formed below, which will in time lift the splinter out. But in the case of corns, nature's efforts are twarthed by the persistent pressure from above, which constantly enlarges the corn from below.

The first step toward relief is to secure a shoe *anatomically correct in construction*. Meanwhile remove the pressure from the corn in whatever way may be possible.

A pointed knife run down carefully between the layers will easily take out—for the time—the central core. Sometimes it can be picked out with the nail, after soaking the feet three successive nights in warm water. The soaking swells the core and, like posts lifted by the frost, it seldoms returns fully to its place. But as the cores always fill up again, the only permanent remedy is the removal of the cause.

"DAT cullud pusson on de jury him's de man I object to," said a negro when put on trial in the Marton (S. C.) Court the other day. The black good man and true was unseated, and then the prisoner given acquittal. After his release the darkey was asked what he had against a juryman of his own color. "Nuffiin at all, boss," he said, "but ye see I know'd ef I flattered de prejudice oh de odder jurymen dat I get off, and golly I did."—*Winsted News.*

A Coffee-Field in Brazil.

In Southern Brazil, a coffee-field seldom lasts more than thirty years. The plantations are made on the fertile hillsides, where the forest has been growing thick and strong. But the soil there is never deep—six or eight inches of mold at the utmost. In the tropics there are no long winters, with mats of dead vegetable matter rotting under the snow. The leaves fall singly, and dry up until they break into dust; logs and decaying branches in the shady woods are carried away by white ants and beetles; hence the mold-bed increases very slowly; in twenty-five or thirty years the strong-growing coffee-trees eat it all up. Most planters simply cut down the forest and leave the trees to dry in the sun for six or eight weeks, when they are burned. S——, more provident, lets the logs rot where they lie, which they do in a year or two; in the open sunlight they are saved from insects, and the ground receives a large accession to its strength.

Back of the house there are two yards or small fields, four acres, perhaps, together. The ground is covered with earthen pots set close together, only leaving little pathways at intervals. Each of the 200,000 pots contains a thriving young coffee-plant. The ground forms a gentle slope, and water is constantly running over it, so that it is all ways soaked. The pots, through orifices at the bottoms, draw up enough of this water to keep the roots moistened. The young plants are protected from the sun by mat screens, stretched on poles above the ground.

This is a costly system. Most of the planters take root shoots at random from the old fields and set them at once into the unprepared ground. Sr. S——'s experiment has cost him probably $20,000; the pots alone cost $11,000. But he will make at least $50,000 by the operation. In the first place, he gains a good year in the start that he gives to these young plants. Then they are not put back in the transplanting; the pots are simply inverted and the roots come out with the earth. They are set into mold or compost which has been prepared in deep holes. The tender rootlets catch hold of this at once, and in a day or two the plant is growing as well as ever.

The nurslings come from selected seeds of half a dozen varieties. Sr. S—— has them planted at first in small pots. A dozen slaves are engaged transplanting the six-inch high shoots to larger pots. Little tired-looking children carry them about on their shoulders, working on as steadily as the old ones, for they are well trained. Sr. S—— wants to make his plants last fifty years, so he is careful and tender with them. The little blacks will be free in 1892, so his policy is to get as much work as possible from them while he can.

The plants are set in rows, about ten feet apart. They grow, and thrive, and are happy out on the hill-side. Warm sunshine caresses the leaves; the ground is kept free from intruding weeds and bushes, and the planter waits for his harvest. After four years, the trees are six feet high and begin to bear. By the sixth year, the crops are very large—three or even four pounds per tree at times. Meanwhile, corn and mandioca are planted between the rows. Often in a new plantation the expenses are nearly covered by these subsidiary crops. —*Scribner's.*

A Strange Romance.

That "truth is stranger than fiction" is once more aptly exemplified by the following curious narrative, which reaches the *Nazione* from its correspondent at Lucca: "Some years ago a native of Casamaggiore emigrated to America, leaving behind him his wife and two children. Shortly after his arrival in the States, where he promptly found lucrative employment, he sent 100 lire to the priest of his native place, to be by him conveyed to his family. A few months later this remittance was followed by a second of 1,000 lire; and at subsequent periods other sums were forwarded in the same manner, to the total amount of 25,000 lire, or £1,000. The priest, however, to whom this money was transmitted put it in his own pocket. One day, having come to the conclusion that he had derived sufficient profit from his agency, he sent for the woman and informed her, with many consolatory reflections, that her husband was dead. About the same time he wrote to the emigrant, stating that the latter's wife and children had succumbed to an epidemic which had all but depopulated Casamaggiore, and inclosed in his letter an official certificate of their death and burial. It appears that, after a while, the emigrant, believing himself to be a widower, married again. He prospered in business, became a wealthy man, and a few months ago determined to visit the place of his birth. In due time he arrived with his second wife and family at Casamaggiore, where he took up his quarters at the principal inn. Strolling out to look up some of his old acquaintances, a little beggar boy followed him, importuning him for alms. Something in the child's appearance arrested his attention. He asked the boy his name, and found him to be his own son. Further inquiry soon elicited the fact that his wife and two children were living, but in the utmost poverty and distress. The reverend embezzler, when confronted with his victims, offered to refund the 25,000 lire; but the affair had come to the knowledge of the police authorities, who refused to permit any compromise, and arrested the holy man, against whom proceedings have been taken by the state. Meanwhile, his unfortunate ex-parishioner finds himself saddled with two wives and families, between whose claims upon his affection and support there is, equitably speaking, nothing to choose either way.—*London Telegraph.*

SHOEMAKER'S wax has been used with success in Glasgow to illustrate to the students of natural philosophy, in a model, the flow of glaciers. It is wonderful how closely the flow of this wax resembles that of ice. Sir W. Thomson has also employed this sort of wax to show the motion of lighter bodies, like cork, and heavier bodies, like bullets, through a vicous substance.

Pay of French Legislators.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to give a glance at the different deliberative Assemblies which have succeeded each other in this country since 1789. In that year the number of representatives was 774—nine per department and three extra. Each member received 18 francs a day, and thus the Assembly cost 13,832 francs daily, or 331,968 francs a month for twenty-four sittings. The whole session of nine months, therefore, required 2,987,622 francs. In addition, 51,300 francs was allowed for the Bureau, making a total of 3,038,922 francs. The members of the Corps Legislatif, which came after the Representatives of the People, had 10,000 francs each per session, with the obligation of having a carriage for two legislators. Under the Restoration the Deputies received no pay. The President alone received 100,000 francs to meet the expense of receptions. Under Louis Philippe the members did not have any salary, but the President received 120,000 francs. In 1848 the Deputies of the Second Republic, who were 900 in number, received 25 francs a day, or 540,000 francs per month. The session lasted nine months and cost 4,905,000 francs, including the President and the Questors. Under the empire, that is to say from 1852 to 1870, there were 283 Deputies. They received at first 2,000 francs a month during time of the sessions. Afterward they had a fixed salary of 12,500 francs. The President of the Legislative Corps had a fixed allowance of 100,000 francs, and 30,000 francs for costs of receptions. The sessions of the second empire absorbed 3,530,000 francs. In 1871, the Assembly at Bordeaux was composed of 750 members, who were paid 750 francs a month, or 9,000 francs a year. They had their salaries even during the months when they did not sit. The allowance of the President was reduced at this period to 70,000 francs, and the Questors to 15,000 francs. Since 1876 the Chamber is composed of 548 members, including the representatives of the French colonies. Each member has a fixed allowance of 750 francs a month. The President's salary is 70,000 francs, and that of the Questors 15,000 francs. Independently of their salaries, these three functionaries have numerous privileges, such as lodging, firing, lighting, attendance, etc.—*Galignani's Messenger (Paris).*

He Didn't Advertise.

He was a short, thick-set man, with dyspeptic side whiskers. His gait was about as lively as that of a sick car horse, and his hat was covered with grass spots. He ambled slowly into the editorial-room of the *Sand Flat Snakefang*, took a seat, and said, "I just dropped in, Mr. Editor, to see if—"

"I am very busy at present; call in to-morrow," replied the editor.

"'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day,' is an old-time motto, which I always wear in my hat. Would you like to look inside of my hat?"

"I haven't time to talk to you, sir," said the editor again.

"You shouldn't be so rash. Now, you don't know who I am. I may be the head of a convention coming to inform you of your nomination for Congress, or I may be a shabby old miser who has selected you as his heir to a large estate."

"Will you leave, sir?"

"You needn't get mad in that style. I didn't come here to tell you that I have long been a reader of your valuable paper, or—"

"Who are you, anyhow?" asked the editor, jumping to his feet.

"Well, I'll tell you who I am. I'm the evolver of a patent pill, and I have been having verses written on it which I am going to insert in the papers at advertising rates. The verses are mostly of a bucolic turn; for instance:

"If you would feel as lively as
June's sun-kissed daffodils,
Be not an hour without a box
Of J. Maguffin's pills.

"Here is another:

"Thou who life serenely hungest,
If thou burdened art with ills,
Purchase J. Maguffin's pills,
For sale by every druggist.

"Now, then, I've got one more; this is a regular old copper-plated pastoral:

"If you'd be as gay as the dewy phlox
Which the garden with perfume fills,
O'purchase J. Maguffin's pills,
They're twenty-five cents a box."

"Very nice," said the editor, in tones which showed that he was conscious of the fact that he had made a sad error, and that he yet might get the verses to publish in his paper.

"Yes, I know, but they are too nice for the *Snakefang*. I was going to give about $4,000 per year, but now I won't. You are not polite enough. I only advertise with polite men. I'll go and have these verses painted on the fence; that's what I'll do. Fence space costs nothing," and he made a majestic exit.

Youth.

There is nothing like youth. The sunshine streams upon the flowers. The blood rushes wildly through the veins. The air is full of music, and echoes of happy laughter are borne on every breeze. All the world seems wrapped in golden mist, and hope, a white-winged angel, shines in the rosy heaven of the future. For age, the rustle of the dead leaves! For sorrow, the wail of the autumn wind, the sad November twilight, and the lonesome splashing of the rain! What have age and sorrow to do with life? Let them thrust away their doleful gloom—while for youth and beauty, and love and mirth, the silver bells ring, the wine sparkles, and the earth is strown with roses.—*William* [illegible]

GENERAL REUBEN was seated on a mackerel-barrel, with his feet on a couple of sugar hogsheads, and had just given an account of how he froze them sliding down hill in the winter of '75. There was silence for a few minutes, interrupted by an interrogation by Mozart Daffadil: "Do you mean, General, to have our understanding comprehend dat you froze boff of dem feet in one winter?" "Boff," replied the General, cutting off a piece of tobacco about the size of a toy harmonica. After another reign of silence the General demanded, "Do you doubt that statement, sah?" "No," replied Mozart, "I was only thinking what a long, hard winter it must have been."

PASSING SMILES.

A TREE may be downcast, and not chop-fallen. It may be blown down, for instance.

CONGRESSMAN CANNON of Utah, is the husband of six wives, and the father of twenty-seven small boys, each one of whom is a son of a gun.

"THERE'S a pair of home-made-suspenders," said the Governor of Texas, pointing to a couple of newly elected Sheriffs.

No thief ever experienced so much remorse of conscience, as he who steals a curl from a pretty woman's head and afterward learns that it is false hair.

THERE was a young girl of Gelena;
She'd a mouth like a howling hyena;
When her beau felt her head
On his shoulder, he said:
"Oh, ain't you a darling gay lena!"

THE ballots that the Massachusetts ladies voted were scolloped and cut bias, and one lady frequently said to another, "Her ballot is old fashioned and doesn't look fit to be seen." This will not do.

THE Czar of Russia receives $8,250,000 per year, or $25,000 per day; the Sultan of Turkey $6,000,000 per year, or $18,000 per day; Emperor Frances Joseph of Austria, $4,000,000, or $10,000 per day; King William of Prussia, $3,000,000 per year, and the King of Italy, $2,200,000 per year.

COUNTRY Practitioner (surprised at the visit of a notorious quack and pill-vender)—"Well, what brings you here?" Quack (evidently suffering from disturbed peristaltic action)—"Well, sir, the fact is I feel rather queer, and——" Country practitioner—"Then why don't you take one of your 'pearls of health?'" Quack—"That's just it, sir! I think I've swallowed one—by mistake."

THE velocity of a falling body may be 16 feet the first second, 48 the next, and thence vary inversely as the square of the distance by twice the product of the first by the second and so on by progression *ad infinitum* but calculations of velocity momentum and projectile force are utterly lost on a man when he hits the wrong end of a stick of kindling wood, and it flops up and knocks the skin off his nose in four places.

A TENNESSEE pie-eater has reformed, and will henceforth eat pies no more. He was employed by a bakery firm, and they, missing various pies, baked some with croton oil. The dishonest pie-eater got sick, and, thinking he was booked for the region whence no bone of any traveler returns, confessed stealing the pies, and learned what had been put in them. He was so mad that he got well and had his employers arrested for attempting to poison him.

A YOUNG man from the country passing McLeod's tobacco store in St. John, saw a five cent piece on the sidewalk and immediately put his foot on it until he could pick it up undiscovered, and you can bet that rustic youth exhausted his vocabulary of cuss words when he found it was only a tin tobacco stamp. And thus through life do we chase phantom shadows and think them real.

"My dear," she said, as they sat at breakfast, "who is Hilo Pedro?" When he asked an explanation, and she told him that he had talked in his sleep so much about him, he tried to swallow some imaginary object in his throat and murmured something about reading Brazilian history, and being deeply interested in the Emperor, whose name is Hilo Pedro, and, bless her soul, she believed.

THERE is a remarkable well in the town of Thurman, situated along what is known as the "River Road." The well is about 3½ feet in diameter at the top, and its depth has never been ascertained. It has been sounded 555 feet without reaching the bottom. The water is clear and cold, and the well is always full. It was first discovered about ninety years ago, and its sides were then walled up with stones, as they appear at the present time.—*Glenn's Falls Republican.*

DR. JOHNSON commends Frederick the Great for being able to tell where a particular bottle of wine was placed in the cellar. The same minute attention, combined with vastness of design, was observed in Henry IV. "He was so extremely exact," says Sully, "as to make me give him an account once a week of the money received and the uses it had been put to. He does not omit to remark that, in casting some cannon, they wanted to rob him of a piece." The only thing he neglected was his own personal comfort and equipment. Once, calling suddenly on his *valet de chambre* for an account of his wardrobe, he was told that he had only eight shirts three of which were the worse for wear, and five pocket handkerchiefs. In a letter already quoted he describes himself as frequently not knowing where to look for a dinner.—*London Quarterly Review*

Errors of Type and Telegraph.

Lately some one attempted to say that critics asserted Rubinstein was not a correct player. The printers corrected the slur by making it that he was "not a cornet player"—which is probably true. Another, essaying to describe a certain personage as "the great I am" of local matters, found that he was instead "the great 9 a. m."—a dreadful charge, if somewhat vague. According to a veracious Western paper, one editor was horrified by finding "The Death of an Angle Worm" heading an obituary, instead of the decorous "Death of an Aged Woman." The rascally *Truth-Seeker* had its name set up "*Turtle-Seeker*," recently—which was a severe joke for the turtles. Once a paragraph beginning "Miss Dickinson" (meaning the eloquent Anna), appeared with the auspicious start of "The disbursion," which naturally made the subsequent remarks somewhat confused. But the telegraph makes as amusing blunders as the type. A sentence of Lord Carnarvon's essay on sermons at a recent Anglican Diocesan Conference was thus dispatched: "The worst-paid country curate is expected to preach twice on Sunday with the persuasiveness of a journeyman tailor, and the eloquence of a barrow." For "journeyman tailor" read "Jeremy Taylor," and initial "barrow" with a capital letter, and all is right.